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1609/4724

THE  
HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE  
NORMAN CONQUEST TO THE PRESENT TIME;

OR,

A Tragi-Comic SONG,  
IN FOUR PARTS,

To the Tune of—*When Troy Town for Ten Years War, &c.*

AN

Useful, Instructive, and Diverting LESSON for  
those who have not Time to read LARGE BOOKS.

He that delights in Hist'ry, soon may find  
Something to please, and edify the Mind.  
A true Historic Tale, when rightly told,  
Will please the Young, and can't displease the Old:  
Such is my Theme, 'tis founded on the Truth,  
Meant chiefly to persuade vain thoughtless Youth  
To let the Hist'ry of strange Lands alone,  
Till they get thorough Masters of their own:  
This my Advice—and he that likes to look  
At what I've done, pays *Three-pence* for this Book;  
And when he's learn'd the Song through ev'ry Part,  
And can with Ease repeat it all by Heart,  
If it should chance to enter in his Thought  
That its too dear, I'll give him back a *Goat*.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, THE  
MULTIPLICATION TABLE  
IN A SONG.

By N. WITHY, of *Hagley, Worcestershire*.

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1609/4724



# HISTORY of ENGLAND.

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## PART I.

### WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

**W**HEN the proud NORMAN rul'd this Land,  
As ancient Records plainly tell,  
He made us put our Candles out,  
At ringing of the Curfew Bell;  
Likewise the Fire ev'ry Spark,  
And Britons slept in the Dark:

He ruled with an Iron Rod,  
Tho' he was but a Bastard Duke,  
And measur'd all our States and Lands,  
As doth appear by Doomſday-Book;  
Yet scarce could get a Place to lie,  
When struck by Death in *Normandy*.

Then RUFUS WILL, his second Son,  
And Second of the *Norman* Line,  
Began to pinch, and tax full sore,  
In One Thousand and Eighty-nine;  
And was as greedy of our Store,  
As the old Bastard was before.

Full thirteen Years he pill'd the Rich,  
And trampled on the needy Poor;  
Till hunting in some Forest Lands,  
Where they'd been turned out of Door,  
A lucky Arrow stop'd his Breath,  
And clos'd his Eyes in endless Death,



His Brother HENRY step'd in next,  
 And shall adorn my trifling Page;  
 He reigned five and thirty Years,  
 And did great Honour to that Age;  
 His like for Learning, as they say,  
 Ne'er did the British Sceptre sway.

This comely Prince was stout and tall,  
 His Hair was black, so were his Eyes;  
 Happy in War, continually  
 His Legions bore away the Prize;  
 Thrice happy Isle! with Joy I sing,  
 In Mem'ry of so great a King.

STEPHEN fate next upon the Throne,  
 And did great Honour to the Seat,  
 My feeble Pen can't write his Praise,  
 For he was ev'ry Way complete,  
 And shall in future Ages shine,  
 Tho' he was of the *Norman* Line.

He fought courag'ously, its said,  
 With MAUD the Empress, and the *Scot*;  
 Nor did he shew the least Dismay  
 At all the Arrows that they shot,  
 But curb'd their Fury it appears,  
 While he reign'd o'er us Nineteen Years.

HENRY the Second, Son of MAUD  
 The Empress, its of him I'll sing;  
 He was a little red fac'd Man,  
 When he came here to be our King,  
 Stiff, short, and fat, and brawny too;  
 His Enemies were not a few.

He was no Bigot to the *Rope*,  
 Nor to no Priest a cringing Blade,  
 This made them say, that in his Day,  
 He was a House-breaker by Trade;  
 Likewise they flogg'd him very fore  
 At *Becket's* Tomb, and made him roar.

Bold





Bold RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION next,  
 (Which rightly means a Lion's Heart)  
 The Son of HENRY, took the Crown,  
 And all the Nobles took his Part ;  
 His mighty Deeds the Pilgrim's tell,  
 He was King of *Jerusalem*.

He did the British Sceptre sway,  
 As I have read for Nine long Years ;  
 And when he met the Infidels,  
 He broke their Heads, and crop'd their Ears ;  
 Tho' he was vex'd by Brother JOHN,  
 Whose Story you shall hear anon.

This JOHN was such a greedy King,  
 For ev'ry Sort of worldly Pelf,  
 Out of two Apples he'd eat one,  
 And keep the other for himself :  
 Likewise you'll find it is no Joke,  
 He sold his Kingdom to the *Pope* ;

Then was so foolish to pay Rent  
 To him that wore the tripple Crown ;  
 This shews his Talents were quite mean,  
 To his great Shame and Disrepute ;  
 For Ten long Years he rul'd in vain,  
 May such as JOHN ne'er come again.

HENRY the Third, the Son of JOHN,  
 At Nine Years old began to reign ;  
 By Wisdom and by Valour too,  
 He kept in Awe both *France* and *Spain* ;  
 Subdu'd in *Wales* the Rebel Crew,  
 And to all poor Men gave their Due.

In this King's Reign the stubborn *Scots*  
 Did burn their Bishop while alive,  
 For cursing of his ill-taught Flock,  
 Because they would not pay their Tithe ;  
 Four Hundred hang'd were of this Crew,  
 And all their Children gelded too.

## P A R T II.

Fifty-six Years King HENY rul'd;  
 Then the First EDWARD of that Race,  
 With his long Shanks, began to reign,  
 And made the *French* and *Scots* give Place;  
 He clipp'd the *Welchmen's* Heads and Ears,  
 And made their Eyes weep Floods of Tears.

Thirty-three Years he reigned well,  
 Then dy'd among his Servants' Moans;  
 But first he bade them boil his Flesh,  
 In order to preserve his Bones;\*  
 The Name of these in Time of Need,  
 Would fright the *Scotch* back o'er the *Tweed*.

EDWARD the Second, now I'll sing,  
 Son of the last, and Prince of *Wales*;  
 Whose Reign's a Warning to Mankind,  
 How they give ear to flatt'ring Tales,  
 For this soon brought him, you may see,  
 To shameful Scorn, and Jeopardy.

The SPENSERS, and proud GAVESTON,  
 Soon made his Case the most forlorn;  
 At *Bartley-Castle* he was slain  
 With a long fatal hunting Horn,  
 Through which they thrust a Spit on fire;  
 O dreadful Death! O savage Ire!

EDWARD the Third's above my Verse,  
 But yet I dare not miss his Name;  
 On *Cressy's* Plain, among the Slain,  
 By War he gain'd immortal Fame;  
 You'll find it true, I'll tell no Tales,  
 His Laurels bloom'd a-fresh at *Calais*.

He humbl'd MORTIMER the proud,  
 And several Murd'ers of those Times,  
 And made them pay with Life and Land,  
 For Cruelty and matchless Crimes;

Fifty

\* The Terror of the Scotch,



Fifty long Years he wore the Crown,  
And with great Honour laid it down.

RICHARD the Second now came in,

Who by bad Council went astray :

WAT TYLER, and that Knave JACK STRAW,

Fill'd him with Terror and Dismay ;

His Troubles multiply'd so fast,

That he resign'd his Crown at last.

Murder'd he was, but by whose Hand

I never heard of one could tell ;

No one records his dying Speech,

Nor says who rung his Passing-Bell.

Kings have hard Fortune you may see,

As well as those of low Degree.

HENRY the Fourth, a valiant King,

Took a young Widow for his Wife,

And did refuse a Princess fair,

Which caus'd him Trouble all his Life ;

He oft was forc'd abroad to roam,

Nor durst he leave his Wife at Home.

The EARL OF WARWICK was a Thorn,

That often prick'd him on the Side,

And strove by mighty Feats of Arms

To humble and subdue his Pride ;

Till with his Blood he dy'd the Plain,

And left the King in Peace to reign.

HENRY the Fifth, was the next King

Who to the Sceptre did advance,

He was a mighty Man of War,

And took Destruction into France,

And made them feel his dreadful Ire,

By the devouring Sword and Fire.

He was right Valiant, Wise, and Just,

Nothing could daunt him in the Field,

For if he fought with ten to one,

He seldom fail'd to make them yield :

Yet



Yet he reliev'd the Poor and Lame,  
And gain'd himself immortal Fame.

HENRY the Sixth, an Infant King,  
Came to the Crown at Nine Months old,  
Too young to rule, as you will find,  
When I've my tragic Story told;  
For he was stripp'd of all his Power,  
And basely murder'd in the Tower.

Murder and Death throughout his Reign  
Did seem to triumph o'er this Land,  
Rebellion, Tyranny, and Blood,  
Stain'd those who had the chief Command;  
And still the greatest Man was he,  
Who did the greatest Villany.

EDWARD the Fourth came in by War,  
By which his dearest Friends were slain;  
It stands confess'd he'd little Rest  
Twenty-two Years that he did reign,  
For Troubles came so thick and fast,  
And overwhelm'd him at the last.

Too much to Pleasure he gave Way,  
And made great Squander of his Store;  
His hapless Children the next Reign,  
You'll find were all kick'd out of Door  
By that foul Tyrant crook-back Dick,  
Whose Name does make all Poets sick.

### P A R T III.

EDWARD the Fifth, for thee I weep,  
Thy tragic Story I'd refrain,  
Thou wast not crown'd, that's not the worst,  
Nor yet in any Battle slain,  
But murder'd with thy Brother dear;  
O Reader! drop one silent Tear.

Their savage Uncle, most unkind,  
Did soon eclipse their blooming Power;

By

By Ruffians vile they smother'd were,  
 And bury'd somewhere in the Tower;  
 May none that write with Ink or Pen,  
 E'er have the same to write again.

RICHARD the Third came in by Law;  
 But sure that Law could not be civil,  
 The Lawyers must be Fiends indeed,  
 Likewise their Counsellor the D——l,  
 Who could approve so foul a Deed,  
 And know what Victims were to bleed.

For two long Years, and something more,  
 This Tyrant did the Sceptre wield,  
 Then lost his Crown and hated Life,  
 'Midst Streams of Blood in *Bosworth-Field*:  
 Too good a Death for him its true,  
 Because the Hangman lost his Due.

HENRY the Seventh, bold and brave,  
 Shall now adorn my trifling Page;  
 He was a King of great Renown,  
 Likewise the Hero of that Age,  
 It is with Pleasure that I sing  
 The Actions of so good a King:

He quell'd Rebellion far and wide,  
 And baffled all their horrid Schemes;  
 LYNOLN, and LAMBERT, and LOVEL,  
 Their Plots all vanish'd like their Dreams;  
 He spik'd their Heads, and plac'd them high,  
 And made the rest for Mercy cry.

EDWARD the Sixth, was a good King;  
 But Marshal KINGSTON, a great Sinner,  
 He hang'd the Mayor of *Bodmin* Town  
 In *Cornwall*, where he eat his Dinner;  
 Curs'd be his hated Memory,  
 For such unnatural Cruelty.

Sure EDWARD did not know of this,  
 For he was prone to Charity;

B

He



He built a School in *Birmingham*,  
 And in the Front you plain may see  
 His Effigy conspicuous stand,  
 With a long Sceptre in his Hand.

HENRY the Eighth sat on his Throne,  
 And reigned Eight-and-thirty Years;  
 He bid Defiance to the *Pope*,  
 And made the Friars shake their Ears;  
 Abolish'd Mass, and Peter-pence,  
 And taught the Clergy common Sense:

Crosses and Relicks went to wreck,  
 With Virgin's Milk, and Bits of Bones,  
 Old Locks of Hair, and Rags thread-bare,  
 With Bits of Wood, and holy Stones;  
 Proud WOLSEY dy'd before his Doom,  
 And *England* bid adieu to *Rome*.

Aid me ye Muses! now to sing,  
 The virtuous, learned, good, and wise,  
 The young and beautiful Queen JANE,  
 Whom I record with wat'ry Eyes;  
 She did not thirst for Dignity,  
 So let us mourn her Destiny:

The bloody Axe took off her Head,  
 And put an End to all her Pain;  
 Her spotless Soul to Heaven fled,  
 She was too good on Earth to reign;  
 Yet her Tragedy was so deep,  
 It caus'd her hardy Foes to weep.

Queen MARY then the Sceptre sway'd.  
 (Sorry I am she was not Good)  
 Led by the *Pope*, she put her Hope  
 In Deluges of harmless Blood;  
 And those that would not with her pray,  
 She hang'd, or burn'd, and made away.  
 Each horrid Scene I can't relate,  
 That was by her Commission grac'd,

Till



Till *Calais* taken by the *French*,  
 Soon put her in a deadly Waste;  
 For when just going to depart;  
 She said that *Calais* broke her Heart.

Then Queen ELIZABETH came in,  
 And made a Change in Times and Things;  
 She shew'd the World as clear as Day,  
 That Queens could reign as well as Kings;  
 Her Enemies were not a few,  
 But yet she did them all subdue.

Her Admirals sail'd round the World,  
 And beat the *Spaniards* on the Sea;  
 Her Maids of Honour eat Beef Steaks,  
 For Breakfast in the room of Tea;  
 I own this was far better Cheer,  
 For they had Plenty of strong Beer.

## P A R T IV.

King JAMES came next, a bonny *Scot*,  
 Likewise he was a muckle Mon,  
 His Clans came with him o'er the *Tweed*,  
 And never would gang back again;  
 They lik'd good Beef better than Brose,  
 And JEMMY ga them aw new Clothes.

This King soon fill'd his Pouch right weel,  
 And gave much Siller to them aw;  
 So doon they came baith Wives and Weans,  
 Baith auld and young, and great and sma;  
 Likewise he gave them new Array,  
 To throw their lousiey Plaids away.

King CHARLES the First, thé Son of JAMES,  
 Unhappily came to the Crown;  
 For CROMWELL that arch Rebel fought,  
 And without Mercy pull'd him down;  
 Took off his Head, and spoil'd his Throne,  
 And rul'd this Kingdom as his own.

His sufferings I'll not relate,  
 How he was drove from Place to Place,  
 They are too many for my Verse,  
 Likewise so mournful was his Case;  
 Who'd set his Heart on worldly Things,  
 If thus they serve such mighty Kings.

When CROMWELL had kill'd CHARLES the First,  
 He fell to rule, but durst not reign;  
 Yet this arch Traitor for twelve Years,  
 Kept in great Awe both *France* and *Spain*;  
 Made divers Laws, as I've heard say,  
 That stand in Force unto this Day.

To *Ireland* he went in Arms,  
 And made his Soldiers Gentlemen;  
 He gain'd great Fame at *Drogheda*,  
*Dundalk*, at *Newry*, and *Clonmel*;  
 Ten thousand Dangers he did Face,  
 Yet no Man knows his burying Place.

CROMWELL being dead, the exil'd Prince  
 Call'd CHARLES the Second, took the Crown,  
 Upon the Twenty-ninth of *May*,  
 'Midst loud Huzzas he came to Town;  
 And ever since the Bells do ring  
 Upon this Day, for CHARLES the King.

He kept a Jester still at Court,  
 Who often did his Faults expose;  
 One Day he told his Majesty,  
 He was too much led by the Nose;  
 At this the King in Anger raves,  
 So banish'd Fools, and took in Knaves.

King JAMES the Second now came in,  
 He was to Popery inclin'd;  
 All Men could do, and Women too,  
 They could not satisfy his Mind;  
 Nor could he well the Sceptre sway,  
 So threw it down and ran away.



'Tis true hard by the River *Boyne*,  
 He drew his Ruffians up to fight,  
 But WILLIAM, Prince of *Orange*, came,  
 And quickly put them all to flight ;  
 And at this Conflict we got free  
 Of puny JAMES, and Popery.

WILLIAM the Third, was then proclaim'd,  
 A Hero of the foremost Class ;  
 He spoil'd King JAMES's Pilgrimage,  
 And drove him back to midnight Mass,  
 That he might to Saint DENNIS pray,  
 And tell him of this bloody Fray.

WILLIAM with Honour then was crown'd,  
 And rul'd this Land with great Applause :  
 'Twas he that sav'd our Liberty,  
 Religion, Freedom, and our Laws ;  
 So let us all with Unity,  
 Record his blessed Memory.

Queen ANNE did in great Splendour reign,  
 And MARLBRO' did her Foes subdue,  
 Witness the Fight, on *Blenheim* Plain,  
 Where the great LOUIS cry'd " Marblieu,  
 " Let's make a Peace, for plain I see,  
 " This cursed MARLBRO' 'll ruin me.

" He takes my Castles and my Towns,  
 " Whene'er his Legion leads the Van,  
 " By gar, I swear, he makes me stare ;  
 " I must submit to this Queen ANNE ;  
 " So cross yourselves, and let's retire,  
 " Or he will set us all on Fire."

After Queen ANNE, came GEORGE the First,  
 And took on him the *British* Crown  
 By the Consent of Parliament,  
 And reign'd with Honour and Renown ;  
 He beat the Rebel Clans severe,  
 At *Preston* proud, in *Lancashire* :

There



There DARVENTWATER, and great MAR,  
 Did scamper for their Lives that Day ;  
 The broad Sword and the Highland Targe,  
 By ev'ry Clan were thrown away,  
 And he was happy that could Speed  
 To be the foremost o'er the *Tweed*.

King GEORGE the Second govern'd well,  
 Ne'er daunted at an Enemy ;  
 At *Dettingen*, with *English* Men,  
 He made the noted Gens-d'Arms fly,  
 To tell how many Thousand slain  
 They had left bleeding on the Plain.

At Sea his Fleet triumphant reign'd,  
 (Right well he lov'd a *British* Tar)  
 The *French* play'd loose, like Fox and Goose,  
 Whene'er they saw his Men of War,  
 They'd sculk in Harbours with their Fleet,  
 GEORGE and BRITANNIA rul'd the Deep !

May GOD preserve our gracious KING,  
 The QUEEN, and all their Progeny,  
 The Dukes and Bishops, Earls and Lords,  
 And all the Commonalty ;  
 And keep us from affected Pride,  
 No man can have a better Guide.

END OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

T H E  
MULTIPLICATION TABLE  
I N A S O N G.

**T**HREE *Three's is Nine, Three Four's is Twelve,*  
*Three Five's is Fifteen sure,*  
 And *Three Times Six* is just *Eighteen,*  
 And wants *Two* of a *Score* ;  
*Seven Times Three* is *Twenty-one,*  
*Three Eight's* is *Twenty-four,*  
 And *Three Times Nine* is *Twenty-seven,*  
 Indeed it is no more.

*Four Four's* were *Sixteen* pretty Girls,  
 Who liv'd near *HAGLEY-PARK,*  
 And *Four Times Five* were *Twenty* Blades  
 Who met them in the *Dark* ;  
 And *Four Times Six* were *Twenty-four*  
 Of Women old and grey,  
 And *Four Times Seven* were *Twenty-eight*  
 Of Maids that went astray.

Now *Four Times Eight* is *Thirty-two,*  
*Four Nine's* is *Thirty-six,*  
 And *Five Times Five* were *Twenty-five*  
 Inclined to knavish *Tricks,*  
 And *Five Times Six* were *Thirty* Boys  
 Who lost their *Time* at *Play,*  
 And *Five Times Seven* were *Thirty-five*  
 Of Farmers cloath'd in *Grey.*

Now *Five Times Eight* were *Forty* SCOTS  
 Who came from *ABERDEEN,*  
 And *Five Times Nine* were *Forty-five*  
 Which gave them all the *Spleen* ;

And



And *Six Times Six* were *Thirty-six*  
 Fine Ladies all in Blue,  
 And all must own that *Seven Times Six*  
 Will make but *Forty-two*.

Now *Six Times Eight* were *Forty-eight*  
 Of famous LONDON Dames,  
 And *Six Times Nine* were *Fifty-four*  
 Who durst not tell their Names;  
 And *Seven Times Seven* were *Forty-nine*  
 Stout Sailors, bold and true,  
 And *Seven Times Eight* were *Fifty-six*  
 Belonging to the Crew.

Now *Seven Times Nine* is *Sixty-three*,  
 According to this Rule,  
 And *Eight Times Eight* were *Sixty-four*  
 Who stay'd away from School;  
 And *Eight Times Nine* were *Seventy-two*  
 That from it would not stay,  
 But *Nine Times Nine* were *Eighty-one*  
 Who did not like to pay.

So now, brave Boys, with cheerful Mind,  
 Let ev'ry one take Care  
 To add, subtract, and multiply,  
 And the Dividend to share;  
 The Quotient properly to place,  
 And give each Man his due;  
 Which, by the Divisor multiply'd,  
 Will prove if all is true.

F I N I S.





